

Lynyrd Skynyrd, Double Trouble

Eleven times I been busted, eleven times I been to jail
Some of the times I been there nobody could go my bail
Well it seems to me, Lord that this ol' boy just don't fit
Well I can jump in a rosebush and come out smelling like shit
Those misters dressed in blue never done so right by me
Some of the times I was innocent but the judge said guilty
I'm not one to complain now son I tell you true
When the black cat cross your trail, Lord
It comes in misery times two

[Chorus]

Double trouble--that's what my friends all call me

(Double trouble)

I said, double trouble

T-R-O-U-B-L-E

Well I was born down in the gutter

With a temper as hot as fire

Spent ninety days on a peat farm just doin' the county's time

Well now, even mama said Son you're bad news

And it won't be too long before someone puts one through you

[Chorus]

[Chorus]